

THE LIGUORIAN



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WE'LL TRY

"Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that much of the reading matter that is so freely admitted into our homes is fraught with more danger to the soul of the child than the most virulent diseases are with danger to its physical health. Modern science and efficient public control teach us to guard the bodies of children from sickness and danger of death. The conscience of Christian parents should teach them to be equally vigilant when there is danger of the death of the soul of the child."

Give them good reading. Crowd out the bad.

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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SEPTEMBER, 1925

No. 9

"Whom Seekest Thou?"

"Whom seekest thou?"

I wonder whom?
And lock'd within each bosom keep
Do we, like tender Mary, weep,
What He to us hath been?
Or do we seek for other things
Which every wind of fancy brings—
And wandering eye hath seen?

I wonder whom?

"Whom seekest thou?"

I wonder why?
Sweet Mary, pardon once obtained,
Faithful to Great Love remained—
Nor once turned back again.
We feel Thy love at every turn—
To break Thy gentle bonds we burn,
As if Thy love were pain.

I wonder why?

"Whom seekest thou?"

I wonder what?
When Mary in her love so true
Beheld Thy Face she so well knew
Then she could weep no more.
But we must wander everywhere,
And seek for pleasure here and there
As we have done before.

I wonder why?

"Whom seekest thou?"

I wonder when
That blessed day shall come that we
With Mary's love may cling to Thee,
And wish no more to roam?
Thy love sufficeth for the soul
Which takes no part but wants the whole—
Oh when shall we come home?

I wonder when?

Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

EXCUSES READY MADE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"St. Mary's will soon be on the map. Three of our leading young men have become daily communicants."

Father Casey never failed to drop the good seed whenever the occasion offered. True enough, the ground looked parched and barren in the present instance, yet, he reflected, God's grace can transform the desert into a flowering garden. During the course of his priestly life he had more than once seen the good seed spring up and bring forth fruit a hundred fold in the most unpromising soil. Who knows, the force of good example and the urging of the divine call might move even some of the men to whom he was talking to take up the salutary practice of daily Communion.

That the soil was unpromising, was evident. Not one of them so much as took the trouble to reply. Father Casey had broached the subject; he would not abandon it so easily. He was bound he would get at least an answer.

"Tate," he said, "why don't you try daily Communion? It would do you good."

The man addressed yawned wearily.

"Too much trouble," he replied. "Once a year is often enough for me."

"Why go once a year?"

"We have to do that, don't we?"

"Why?"

"Because—because it would be a mortal sin if we didn't."

"Is that the only mortal sin you care about? Every mortal sin is a deadly offense against Almighty God. If you do not want to be a traitor to your God you must avoid every mortal sin. By your own unaided strength you cannot succeed. God knows this. He wants to come into your heart and unite His divine strength to your human weakness. If you are square and honest when you say you go to Communion once a year, because you want to avoid mortal sin, you will not stop at once a year. You will go often enough to enable yourself to avoid all mortal sin."

"Sounds good, Father, but it is too much for me. I'll take my chances with the yearlings."

"'Take chances' is the right expression, Peter. Give everything you can to your own pleasure and your own comfort, and as little as possible to the God who gave you all. Such is the habitual disposition of your heart. And that is the heart into which you force Jesus to enter once a year. Do you think He is overjoyed with your welcome?"

"Father Casey, you are hard on a fellow. Well, some day when I get over my pride and my sensuality and my laziness, maybe I'll try to go oftener."

"Peter Tate, that is like saying, 'When I get strong I shall begin to eat.' Of course you wouldn't make such a mistake in catering to your body. You think too much of it. But when it is a question of your soul, you don't bother. You know you must eat to get strong; in like manner, you must communicate in order to overcome your pride and your sensuality and your laziness. In fact, Jesus Christ said, you must eat His body and drink His blood or you cannot have life in you."

Oscar Pierce, the most sincere of the group, had been listening attentively but with a worried look on his face. Now he broke in on the discussion.

"Father, I know you want to stir up us fellows to go as often as is good for us. But, honestly now, isn't daily Communion for men rather a beautiful theory that doesn't work out in practice?"

"What leads you to this conclusion, Oscar?"

"My own experience."

"Were you ever a daily communicant?"

"Yes, for a time while I was in college. I had to give it up, because going to Communion every day meant," he said frankly, "that I had to go to Confession every day. That doesn't work. And, Father, you ought to understand the average young man well enough to know that he cannot keep out of mortal sin for twenty-four consecutive hours."

"I ought to know the average young man, and I do know the average young man." In his earnestness Father Casey had sprung to his feet and was shaking his finger at Price. "And I know that the average young man, if he will but use the means God puts at his disposal, can keep out of mortal sin, not only for twenty-four hours, but always."

"It didn't work out that way in my case."

"Then you were making a mistake."

"In what?"

"In one of three things: either the sins you thought mortal sins were not mortal sins, or the Confessions you thought good Confessions were not good Confessions, or you grew discouraged and quit before you had given it a fair trial. How long did you practice daily Communion?"

"Three weeks; but there, Father," he hastened to add, "you struck the nail on the head. Perhaps my Confessions were not good. I had serious doubts about them. I guess that is the main reason why I quit daily Communion."

"Are you any more sure that your Confessions are good when you go once a year?"

"No, I am, if anything, less sure. However, I can stand the agony once a year, but this thing of going through it every morning would drive me nutty."

"Do you consider that you are in better condition to meet your God now than then?"

"I *know* that I am in no condition to meet Him now, but I can forget about it."

"Something like that big, awkward bird, the ostrich; it buries its head in the sand so that it can't see the tiger, and then it thinks the tiger can't see it. Instead of giving up daily Communion on account of your worries about Confession, you should have put yourself under the direction of a prudent confessor and should have followed exactly his directions. Then you could have been certain that your Confessions were in order."

"Well, there is one thing I can say," continued Pierce, "it was my own experience, and others have told me the same. A fellow gets more good out of Communion by going once a month than by going daily."

"What do you mean, 'more good out of Communion'?"

"Oh, feel more reverence and respect for Communion, and more pious and all that."

"Then let me tell you one thing, Oscar. If that 'feeling' is what you consider getting good out of Communion, no wonder you were disappointed. That is not the good Communion gives; that is not the good Jesus intended it should give; that is not really a good at all.

The good Jesus intends is to make you become a better man—more faithful in doing God's will and more firm in avoiding what is contrary to God's will. This is the good Communion infallibly gives to all who receive It with a right intention and freedom from mortal sin, and daily Communion produces this solid good thirty times better than monthly Communion. You may *feel* dry as a stick; that makes no difference. Feeling has absolutely nothing to do with it."

Earl Winrow, who had sat throughout with a curl on his lip that was half a sneer and half a pitying smile, now thought it time to add his crumbs of wisdom to the feast.

"Father Casey, at the risk of shocking you, I must frankly say that, since leaving the university and taking up my profession, I have not received Communion even once a year. Communion is all right for those that want It," he conceded quite magnanimously. Winrow was succeeding financially, and he thought that made the world hungry to receive his sublime views on all questions. "But, you know, religion does not consist in any of these external ceremonies. To look upon all men as your brothers and treat them square, to do unto others as you would be done by—that is religion."

"Too bad," Father Casey went on musing, "too bad, they had no dictionary in your university."

"I beg your pardon."

"The word 'religion' means something with God in it. That performance you speak of has a name in the English language, but the name is not religion. Whether and what external ceremonies are required for religion, is a point for God to decide, not for you. As a matter of historical fact He did decide it as far as Holy Communion is concerned, when He said: 'Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you cannot have life in you.'"

Instead of answering directly, Winrow volunteered an example from his rich experience.

"I know a man," he said, "who received Communion every morning, and the rest of the day he was the worst confounded crook I ever saw."

"Which proves?"

"That daily Communion does not necessarily make a man any better."

"Bad Communion," agreed the priest, "does not make a man any better. It makes him decidedly worse."

"But I mean even good Communion."

"Oh, this man of yours made good Communions, did he?" queried the priest.

"Surely."

"How do you know?"

"At least we must presume so."

"But can you presume so," Father Casey demanded, "when you have certain proof to the contrary? The man who is a confirmed crook and is making no serious effort to amend his life, is continually in mortal sin. And whoever makes Communion in mortal sin makes a bad Communion. But even he should not quit daily Communion. What he should do is keep up daily Communion and quit being a crook. Mind well, Winrow, the cheapest of all arguments against daily Communion is this: 'I won't communicate daily because I know daily communicants who are full of faults.' That is about as logical as saying, 'I will never use water because I know a man who jumped in the water and drowned himself.'"

A GOOD DEFINITION

William Heyliger in Columbia tells the following:

"Both boys were about the same age—nine years. The one who had never been told at home the outline of truths that he should have been told, met his little friend.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To church."

"What do you go to church for?"

"To pray."

"How do you pray?"

"I tell myself that God is right there with me and I talk to Him."

That is as good a definition of prayer as I have ever heard.

Indeed, our prayers are apt to become too formal—they are apt to be read from a prayer book with ease and comfort but very little attention; they are apt to be impersonal and with little application to our peculiar wants and needs.

That is why, perhaps, they have so little influence.

"Sufferings bring us to the foot of the Cross, and the Cross to the Gate of Heaven."—*The Curé of Ars.*

The Student Abroad

PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY CITY

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Newspapers the world over have been giving the statistics of the pilgrimages made to Rome this year and between the advance notices of planned pilgrimages, the announcements of departures for the world's chief city and the scattered data regarding pilgrims from other parts of the world, impressions must be more numerical than anything else. So leaving most of the statistics aside, we shall endeavor to give a sketchy outline of the pilgrimages as they come into Rome and how they spend their time there.

Although the very opening of the Holy Year found pilgrims from countries as distant as Argentine already in Rome, the real spiritual immigration did not begin till the chilly winter days were passed. Not that the pilgrims worried about the inconvenience, but traveling facilities were not the best at that time. However, the streets of Rome were thronged with parish pilgrimages making the Jubilee together. Every Sunday and festival day, rain or shine, found the long processions making their way over Rome's historic streets from Basilica to Basilica.

A procession is a procession no matter where it occurs. The pilgrimage processions, however, somehow were different. Sometimes the processional cross—a plain black, wooden cross, was carried by the patriarch of the flock, some dignified old gentleman whose very presence at the head of the line gave it dignity and significance. Sometimes a little boy had the honor, sometimes, though not often, a cleric or a prelate. On either side of the cross-bearer walked men carrying lighted candles. Behind the cross, sometimes there were little girls dressed as for a Corpus Christi procession; at other times, the guard of honor was made up of a troop or two of Italian Catholic Boy Scouts, adding a note of modernity to the age-old Jubilee custom. One of the first parishes to feature the Boy Scouts in the Jubilee procession was the Roman Redemptorist parish of San Gioacchino, and they bore their honor well. And these boys were more than ornaments. For in passing cross streets where there was much traffic, even though traffic was temporarily arrested for the procession, often the numbers in line were too numerous to permit traffic to be held up for the entire procession.

At such times, the Boy Scouts, with their guidons, wigwagged the directions of those in charge of the pilgrimage to those in advance and in the rear, and so good order was maintained.

Following this vanguard, would come the prelates if there were any, and it may be stated here, that the ecclesiastical dignitaries, even those advanced in age, were not backward in giving good example. One day, when the famous Italian sun was blazing his merriest from a cloudless sky, the guard of honor for the cross was made up of a Cardinal, several Bishops and a large number of prelates; their crimson and purple robes lending no little color and significance to the occasion. Back of them marched, in close ranks, some four thousand of their flock.

Then came the men, crowds of them. Some old and gray, bearing the marks of lives spent in laborious toil; others, young, alert, vigorous, stepping along with a snap that was reminiscent of days spent in military ranks. Some bearing the evidence of poverty, others undoubtedly wealthy; but all, shoulder to shoulder, devout, recollected, earnest with a purposeful earnestness that was thrilling. Following the men came the women, dressed often in the costumes of their regions or provinces. From the highlands of Italy, Spain and France, they brought the age-old colors and styles into modern Rome; colors and styles which in days gone by and even now, are the inspiration of the artist.

At times the pilgrimages were made up entirely of children; then how the high-walled buildings re-echoed with the beautiful melodies to the Madonna or the measured cadences of the chanted Litanies. The childish treble voices, rising and falling in a unison which under the circumstances was remarkable, never failed to bring the people to their windows and the passersby to a halt along the sidewalks. Often the ranks were broken at intervals with the banners of various sodalities, borne by sturdy little arms, while equally sturdy little feet trod lightly over the rough stone pavement.

As the year advanced and the weather became more favorable, the outlying towns of Italy sent in their delegations, but the delegations usually comprised the entire populace of the place. Sunday was the favorite day, and it was not uncommon to see four or five processions at one time making their way from St. Mary Major to St. John Lateran. And as each cross passed, men raised their hats reverently and soldiers in the streets saluted. To an American, the striking

feature was the matter of fact way in which it all took place. These pilgrims, pilgrims in every sense of the word, meant business.

From the beginning, all Rome wondered when the first pilgrims from the distant parts of the world would arrive. And judging by the enquiries in the Roman journals, curiosity seemed to be centered on the pilgrims from America. People seemed to feel, that somehow, these pilgrims would do things differently.

When the Boston pilgrimage neared Naples, news of its coming was already in the newspapers of Rome. When the pilgrims were in Naples, the papers in Rome considered them as already in the Holy City. But when they did arrive, with their own Cardinal at their head, there was no doubt about it, the Americans had come. And it did American residents in Rome good to see the long line of automobiles bearing American flags, sail along the avenues and highroads connecting the various basilicas. With their coming, opened the big season for the people across the Atlantic.

Once an Italian editor wrote asking why more Americans did not visit the Holy City. It was a matter of surprise in the beginning, especially when other parts of Europe were sending huge representations, to see the comparatively small numbers from America. Later it dawned on the minds of the natives, that many, if not most of the Americans preferred to take the management of their trips into their own hands, without binding themselves to the conditions of an organized pilgrimage. Consequently, though it seemed as though only a few American pilgrims had come, there were in reality, large numbers of them in Rome at all times, and especially after the opening of the favorable season for travel on the Atlantic. Groups composed of members of a family or two, or several friends, or delegations coming to attend one or the other Beatification or Canonization, though not readily recognizable as pilgrimages, nevertheless swelled the numbers of visitors in Rome.

As a rule the American visitors surprised the Romans, that is if the people here expected them to do the unusual; for it was much oftener the case to find them going quietly about Rome, making their pilgrimage, seeing the sights, and minding their own business than doing anything else. Most of them had made great sacrifices in order to make the trip abroad and consequently appreciated their opportunities too much to squander them on idle show. It was therefore some-

what of a surprise, not to say a shock to me, to read an article written in a European Catholic periodical, and signed by a "Pilgrim", referring rather sarcastically to the American tourists. Nothing could be further from the truth as far as I could see, and I have witnessed much.

One of the outstanding features of the Holy Year has been the number and the organization of the pilgrimages from Germany. Some have used the data on this point as the basis for argument on the real financial status of Germany. And the application is by no means exact. Nor just. It is not my purpose to discuss the pros and cons of Germany's post-Bellum conditions; this, however, must be admitted, for it is a matter of plain fact—the German Catholics as a whole have probably made better use of the Jubilee Year than any other people. Between sixty and eighty large pilgrimages will have visited Rome before the sealing of the Holy Door in December. Yet the city is never crowded. About two pilgrimages are in Rome at one time. A special train brings the pilgrims of one city directly to Rome; the train is composed of German cars, officered by German officials, travels on special schedule, arrives on a special train. At the Terminal in Rome, the pilgrims assemble and are led directly to a special hotel which, I understand, has been chartered for the *year*. The hotel, too, according to information given me, is conducted for this year at least on German lines, accommodations, food, etc., being similar to what the pilgrims have been accustomed to in their mother country. There is no waving of banners, no ostentation. And comparatively little sight-seeing. Their priests come with them, German priests resident in Rome meet them; no time is lost in aimless wandering, and yet nothing of importance is missed.

Their travel equipment, at least what I have seen of it, is very simple. And their dress, always neat and orderly, nevertheless plainly shows the extremity to which the war has reduced them. I have seen styles that were in vogue ten years ago worn by men and women clearly belonging to the upper classes of society. A visitor remarked one day, "But you ought to see them buy things." I asked where the purchasing had taken place. The answer was in a certain store selling religious articles. Later I had occasion to be in that store when a German pilgrimage was there, purchasing articles before going into the Vatican for an audience. The purchasing was characterized by two qualities, quantity and cheapness; and quite logically, for an article from Rome

is not valued for its intrinsic worth so much as for the fact that it has come from the Holy City and has been blessed by the Holy Father. And the pilgrims who had come to Rome, were thinking only of the hosts of relatives and friends at home who had not been able to make the trip.

The journey from Basilica to Basilica in Rome was made mostly on foot, not only by the German pilgrims but also by most of those coming from the countries of Europe which had been in the war. Others used the famous and picturesque Roman carozza for making the long trips; while still others, notably Americans, made use of the automobile. But when the long groups of people, headed by the cross and featuring their national costumes singing the hymns of their mother country in their own native dialects, went through the streets of Rome, the scene was thrilling indeed. Many a visitor who may have come to smile, or at least to gaze with idle curiosity, must have been compelled to remain to pray.

Besides the four Basilicas called for in the conditions for gaining the Jubilee indulgences, most of the pilgrimages visited other churches connected in some way with their own countries. And of these, not a few found their way to Sant Alfonso to visit the shrine of their beloved Mother of Perpetual Help. They would march along the Via Merulana, either from St. Mary Major or from St. John Lateran, and coming to the gate leading in to Sant Alfonso, turn in, enter the church and in a body, sing their hymns in honor of Our Blessed Lady and recite the prayers they had learned to use at home. Sometimes, they came in the morning for Mass which would then be celebrated at the shrine by some prelate in the party. Among others, his Eminence Cardinal Mercier offered the Holy Sacrifice there for the members of a large pilgrimage from his country. While the German pilgrimages were especially numerous in their attendance at Sant Alfonso, there was no real distinction in nationality. Spaniards, Irish, English, Americans, French, Belgians—all nations through their representatives, the pilgrims, showed the spread of this devotion to Our Lady.

Of course, a distinct feature of a pilgrimage journey was an audience with the Holy Father. Many marvelled at it, but nevertheless it is true, His Holiness never missed a single opportunity of gratifying the desire of the pilgrims to see him. More than that, whenever it was possible—and he saw to it that it was frequently possible, he cele-

brated Mass for pilgrims and spoke to them. On one occasion that I recall, early in the year, there was an immense pilgrimage in Rome, practically the entire population of one Italian city. On that occasion, St. Peter's was used for the Mass, and the Holy Father gave an address lasting at least a half hour. On other occasions, the Mass was offered in one of the Papal chapels. When the pilgrims were of a nationality whose languages the Pope knew, he invariably gave at least a short address. French, German and Italian pilgrims were naturally fortunate. And the sermons were specially instructive, as His Holiness understanding the conditions of the places from which the pilgrims came, made his talks clearly and accurately pointed.

At one time when the pilgrimages were so large that even the largest halls in the Vatican could not hold them for an audience, a special throne was erected outside in the Court of St. Damasus and His Holiness received the pilgrims there. Day after day, since the opening of the Holy year, the constant stream of pilgrims arriving in Rome has been received at the Vatican; day after day, His Holiness has blessed these children, representing every nation and every clime under the sun. The East and the West, distant continents and almost unheard of peoples have sent their representatives, and all have received the same hearty, cordial welcome.

To the Americans, His Holiness has invariably given a message of thanks for the aid they have given in bringing a little consolation and a little hope to countries and even entire lands where consolation and hope seemed to have been extinguished. At the same time, they have been able to see at first hand, some of the projects in which His Holiness has been interested. The missions with their promise of benefit for civilization, the war-devastated nations of Europe with their still poignant suffering, nations in whose confines are still to be found influences striving against the spread of religion, all can be viewed as though presented on a moving picture screen, in Rome. And therefore, the pilgrims interested in these problems, and especially those Americans who gave their lives, or their children, or their money, to the furtherance of these causes, were enabled to appreciate better the importance of the work. There was no mistaking the intense, personal interest of the Pope; his every word, his every look as he spoke again and again of what had been done and what would be done—given the means to carry on, bespoke the heart of a true Vicar of Christ, a heart large enough to contain the world.

One of the results, probably unexpected, of this mingling of the nations in Rome has been an increased mutual understanding and appreciation of each other. Though the war has been ended for a fairly long time, scars still remain; prejudices fomented during those hectic days, possibly in order to stimulate military activities, are still visible. But how could the most rabid enthusiast see a "Hun" in the humble pilgrim, trudging bare-headed and with deeply reverent mien, through the hot streets of Rome, making the pilgrimage? And how could the most jealous European see dollar-worship in the American, who, witnessing the baptism of two children of poor parents in St. Peter's slipped up quietly after the ceremony, and placed a bill in the chubby fists of each infant, and then left quickly before the astonished parents could thank him? Who could hold grudges, after the long, fatiguing wait at a Canonization ceremony, when after standing for two hours or more, they would be invited by some pilgrim from a nation they had been told some years ago "to hate", to make use of a little camp stool to rest themselves. I have seen French, Germans, Americans, and Italians—possibly others too, exchanging these and similar courtesies, with the sole means of communication, a gesture and a smile.

One Irish-American put it well. He had come to Rome, so thoroughly detesting England and things and persons English, that he had determined to forego visiting the land of his forefathers when he discovered he would have to pass through England to get there. But after his stay in Rome, he as frankly declared that things looked different. For Rome, especially during the Jubilee year, is like a gigantic X-ray, which, turned on the peoples of the world, discloses the great sameness, the great nobility of the human heart, especially when it is sealed with the seal of Christ.

If only enough pilgrims can come to Rome before the end of the year, and if all who do come will not fail to carry back with them all the impressions they receive—and there is little danger of those impressions being bad—politicians will be hard put to it to foster international animosity for years to come. And such a spirit of mutual Christian understanding spells peace—not the peace of politicians and treaties, but the peace of Christ, the peace which the world understands not.

Some thought that with the coming of the warm weather, the influx

of pilgrims would cease. Up to the present, there has been no great difference. True the large pilgrimages are not arriving, but the vast number of small parties, composed of a family or two, fully makes up the difference. During the months of the Canonizations and Beatifications, the large pilgrimages were most numerous, for they came to be present at the honoring of members of their own nations. For instance, at the Canonization of Madam Barat, more than four thousand of the pupils of the Madames of the Sacred Heart assembled from widely scattered parts of the world to honor the Foundress of the order which had given them their education. At the last beatification, that of Father Eymard, of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, even though the majority of the students had left Rome for their respective summer homes out in the country, and even though the great majority of extensive pilgrimages had ceased coming for the present, still St. Peter's was well filled with the faithful for both the morning and afternoon ceremonies—and when St. Peter's is well filled, there is a crowd.

However, it must be remembered, that though this bit of a description aims to depict the pilgrims as they are in Rome and so to give some idea of the interest in the Holy Year that has spread over the world, and that, therefore, numbers have been emphasized, it was not the Holy Father's intention to aim at numbers, but at piety and devotion. It would be a big mistake to think that the immense crowds of pilgrims have merely dashed into Rome, dashed around the Churches, dashed into the Vatican and then dashed out of Rome, en route for other points of the continent before going home. True, the days of their sojourn have generally been limited, for prices are high and most of the people are not wealthy. But the days have been well used; and if a casual visitor with a little power of observation were to saunter around Rome day after day, he would find that the churches and the shrines, the Catacombs and the Vatican Mission Exhibit were far more frequented than the Forum and the host of Museums and Galleries. And the Forum and the Coliseum, the Terme or baths of old Rome, gigantic even in their ruins, derived most of their interest from the relation they bore to the history subsequent to their day, the history of the development of Christianity.

A half of the Jubilee year is over. A most successful half-year. At the present writing there is somewhat of a respite, though even the

mid-summer heat has not altogether forced a cessation of Jubilee activities. With the coming of fall, those interested in the Jubilee will look for renewed activity and interest. Meanwhile, they can meditate profitably on what has been done, its extent, its importance, and meditating they must finally realize how wonderfully the seemingly boastful slogan of Rome has been given definite meaning. For the Italians call Rome "Roma, Caput Mundi," Rome, the head of the world. It is chiefly if not solely in viewing the parade of the nations to the feet of Peter's successor, that one witnesses the relation of the world to Rome. And as one non-Catholic visitor to Rome remarked, "Rome is the head of the world—and Rome is St. Peter's, and St. Peter's is the Holy Father." Prisoner in the Vatican, the Jubilee has brought him closer than ever before to the hearts of his children. Each pilgrim leaving Rome takes with him a souvenir medal with the picture of the Holy Father engraved on it; but it is safe to say that when the medals are worn or lost or destroyed by time or accident, the picture of that kind face with the deep lines of fatigue and strain covering it, will be found engraved on their memories with greater accuracy and more assurance of permanence than that of any engraving made by the hands of man.

The cities of Europe, Paris, London and the rest, are offering their best attractions this year; but every traveler I have met or heard of enthusiastically claims that Rome is the climax of all, colors all, gives significance to all, not Rome the city of ancient glory, nor Rome the center of mediaeval romance, but Rome the heart of Christendom, the dispensary of Jubilee graces, the source of the world's consolation and peace.

"I know that there are people who hold that God should be eliminated from education; but I hold that love of God and country are compatible and that an education where these principles are combined makes for happiness when the young man or the young woman goes out into the world.—*Taft*."

A good resolution, unless it has been made in a spirit of utter frivolity, is a power for good in a man's life. It has a bracing effect upon the will, and acts like a moral tonic. It stiffens our moral backbone and is a source of strength.

From Darkest Africa

A JUBILEE WITHOUT REJOICING

Among the many foreign mission stations of the Redemptorist Fathers in various parts of the world, none has a pluckier personnel than the series of ten missions located in the Belgian Congo. For twenty-five years the Belgian Redemptorist Fathers have been laboring to bring the light of Faith and the benefits of civilization to this truly darkened section of the world. The work was difficult enough before the war, but with the destruction brought to their innocent mother-country by that relentless strife, their chief source of aid was rendered helpless.

As a consequence, the Fathers have had their energies tested to the utmost, not to make progress but to retain what they had gained. Cheap temporary edifices have had to be considered permanent—a poor roof is better than none; it may not keep out the rain but it serves as a shelter from the sun, and besides the very presence of some kind of a structure serves as a gathering place for the natives.

Comes the day of the silver Jubilee of the mission! Twenty-five years of labor ended. Memories and reminiscences of great men gone ahead, living only in the results of labor shown in wooden churches and schools, sodalities, dusky parishioners, and glorious plans left as a heritage to those who came after them. A day of rejoicing.

But the Superior of the mission can not be dazzled with happy memories; he lives very much in the present and somewhat in the future. To him come the pleas for supplies, urgent petitions from his confreres who like himself have given their lives to the work. He studies his accounts, he surveys the needs, the most crying needs, and he announces that unless aid comes soon, one mission will probably have to be closed.

In one of the most touching letters ever written, he has turned for aid to the Liguorian, which he knows reaches every part of the English-speaking world, hoping that somewhere within the vast regions not injured by the war and even blessed by extraordinary blessings of peace, there may be found someone, who grateful to God for the material blessings which have been given him, will be glad to consecrate some of his wealth to this cause of God.

Even now, in Matadi, Africa, a cluster of black, cottony heads are bowed in prayer around their director for the unknown benefactors who will come to their assistance. The Superior writes, "Be sure to tell our friends that three Masses are said for them each month, besides the foundation Masses at other times of the year. In addition, every day at noon the Litany is said for all benefactors"—and when evening dusk settles over the plains and hills and jungles, again their voices are raised to heaven for these same benefactors in the sublime *De Profundis*.

In the beginning of this notice, I mentioned the pluck of these missionary fathers; I repeat it here. Trusting in God, and keeping their sense of humor in first class condition, they are carrying on, teaching in their schools, preaching, instructing and holding their services in the little churches, constantly searching for more of these most abandoned souls; and praying with all their hearts for the arrival of the aid they need so sorely.

Communications concerning this matter may be addressed to the Editor of the *Liguorian* or to John W. Brennan, C.Ss.R.

San'tAlfonso, Via Merulana, Rome (23), Italy. All aid will be forwarded at once to the Fathers in Africa.

WHY THE CHURCH DOES NOT CHANGE

It was during one of his conferences at Notre Dame in Paris, that the great figure of the Catholic Church presented itself suddenly to the mind of Lacordaire. He took possession of it as one of the most striking arguments in favor of Catholic doctrine, and in a magnificent outburst, cried:

"Every century, jealous of a glory which disdains the passing baubles of the world and its puppets, has come knocking at the door of the Vatican, trying to make a fatal thrust at the Church personated by the frail figure of an old man robed in white.

"And the Church, in person of this old Man, has asked, 'What do you want?'

"And the reply has ever been, 'Change.'

"But I do not 'change.'"

The centuries have said, "But everything in the world has changed! Astronomy has changed; philosophy has changed—why are you always the same?"

"Because I come from God, Who is always the same!"

"But you know that we are masters; we have a million men in arms; we wield the sword which breaks thrones, which is able to remove the head of an earthly ruler and to tear apart the leaves of books!"

"So be it! Blood is the mysterious and sacred Fluid which has regenerated me!"

"Ah, well, here is half my purple! Accept it as a concession to my ideals!"

"Keep your purple, Oh Cæsar! Soon it shall be interred beneath the earth, while the Church chants above you her Alleluias and the De Profundis which remains the same as the ages go on."

"I recall to your memory, Messieurs," continued the orator, "these facts of History. Today, after so many futile trials, after so many efforts to obtain the mutilation of the Dogma which unites us—the Church remains the same."

"But do you never change, O race of granite?" asks the world. "Can you not sacrifice one of your doctrines to us, as for instance, an Eternity of Pains, the Eucharist, the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Why still the Papacy? Why not embellish a little this gibbet which you call the Cross?"

So they speak, while the Cross looks down upon them, smiles, and weeps—but stands erect, while the world revolves about it.

The Cross remains upright when human things fall beside it, one by one. A strange and mighty force embodied in a single word—Credo—holds it in its sacred place.

So we are able to repeat to those who assail us, the words of Bossuet: "You change! Then you have not the Truth, for the Truth is immutable!"

"There are some who do not believe in the existence of hell until they enter there."—*The Curé of Ars*.

"Though doing wrong and suffering full oft,
Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight
Of pain, and doubt, and fear, and yielding not
In happiness to the happiest on the earth."

—Wordsworth.

Whim and Will

PEGGY MCGOWAN'S WEDDING

E. A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

"Collegiate, collegiate, yes we are collegiate," warbled handsome, modish Dick Starling as he strummed lazily on his "Uke" and smiled his vanquishing smile full into the wondering eyes of little Peggy McGowan—Margy, mother McGowan still called her, for these fancy, snappy names were abhorred by mother who hated everything savoring of the new fangled fads.

Pretty little Peggy McGowan! Pretty? Well, rather. Large, clear, expressive blue eyes, a wondrously fair complexion, with pretty, natural roses, one on either cheek and in the center of each rose the very cutest of dimples. She was quick, lithe in her movements, altogether a bewitching fairy. Peggy was pretty enough to set any sensible man's heart a-tingle.

At least Johnnie Nangle thought so and Johnnie had a quantity of good sense.

Johnnie, Jack, or Jackie as you will, he was called all three, was the third party of this infernal, eternal triangle. Now while complacent Dick sat cooing at Peggy's delighted ear, Johnnie, wrapped in inaccessible gloom crouched at home unconsciously muttering "All alone".

Back five years his memory wandered. Then he had had the supreme pleasure of taking Peggy to her first dance and for months after that he could be heard repeating: "Peggy, you've knocked my heart a-twister, little sister, I love you."

At that time "Peggy" was a very popular song and no man, woman or child suspected that Johnnie was really smitten and meant every word he sang. They surmised it later, however. At the time of the dance Peggy was just sixteen and so Johnnie had to wait several years before Daddy McGowan would allow a "regular" around. But when the time came Johnnie monopolized Peg to the chagrin of the boys and the utter disgust of all the girls—for Johnnie himself was good to look at from a girl's viewpoint.

Days, weeks, months, a year passed. Every blessed Sunday the good old people of St. Thomas' parish who, one and all, breathed a "God bless them" whenever they saw these two together, expected to hear old Father McGraw read out in his kindly voice: "There is a

promise of marriage between John Robert Nangle and Margaret Marie McGowan, both of this parish."

But they never heard it. Instead, something happened, something terrible for Johnnie. Unfortunately for him Peg was romantic. Her brother Tom had been a voracious reader during his college days and Peg had developed a like habit. She had read all the Frank Merriwell books, that wonderful series telling the remarkable history of Yale's great fictitious hero, and she thrilled with delight as she read one exploit after another accredited to Merriwell. Her delight was keenest however, when she read the book wherein it is told that the dashing Dick Starling for a short time eclipses the glory of the hitherto supreme Merriwell. Imagine then, if you can, the surge of romance that swept her whole being when she met a real live Starling!

Johnnie, hitherto her beloved Merriwell, was completely forgotten. He was thrown into the discard and Starling was given all the dates. Nangle pleaded for dates, Peg steadily refused; he fought, Peg always won the argument; he threatened, Peg laughed. Finally one night after ascertaining that Starling was not a Catholic, was practically a no-account, with a great deal of confidence, Johnnie sought an audience with the fair tyrant and hastily poured his information into her unwilling ear, adding warnings of his own.

Perhaps it was the warning that angered Peg. At any rate her temper rose at every word—she had plenty of Irish in her; and it was at the boiling point when Johnnie finished.

"You measly coward," she blurted out, "I know Dick is not a Catholic but he is a better man than you are and if I want to marry him it is my own business; you old granny, you meddler, go on home and leave me alone, I'll get along very well without you."

Johnnie winced; she talked of marrying Dick already. That floored him; all his confidence was gone.

"But Peg dear," he stammered.

"Miss McGowan if you please, sir, and don't dear me."

"Oh, come Peggy—excuse me, Miss McGowan"—and then he began stuttering.

"Whistle," she taunted, "you poor little boy, you're making a monkey of yourself; go home to mamma."

This from Peg. How it hurt! Poor Johnnie was completely routed.

"Peg," he whispered, again forgetting himself, "you know I love you"—he was speaking rapidly to avoid interruptions—"and I'm quite sure you love me, you are only—"

But he got no further. Peg was mad now. Her very short bobbed hair seemed to stand on end and appeared no longer auburn, but flaming red, her eyes flashed fire and she stamped her foot for emphasis.

"Oh, you're quite sure I love you; how do you get that way? Well, I do not love you. Smoke that, sir, on your way home." Then she wheeled around and sailed majestically out of the room.

Completely dazed, Johnnie all but staggered home. All the world seemed black, black as this cloudy night. He had thought and dreamed of Peggy, he had worked for her, fought for her, and now—"Oh d—— it all," he muttered, "d—— me, d—— her, d—— everything—no, not d—— her, I'll—yes, I'll pray for her, I'll pray for Peggy McGowan; she's the saint of this parish but she'll need my prayers now."

Weeks passed, weeks of anguish for Nangle. No word from Peggy to say she was sorry and wished to make up; that word had often come before.

Johnnie wondered at Peg's conduct and brooded over it, people wondered. "What in thunder," said Daddy McGowan, when the state of affairs dawned on him, "of all the fools, Peggy is the worst."

But why should daddy fret? Why should Johnnie wonder? Why should the world wonder at anything Peggy did? Peg was a woman, that explains much.

The psychology of woman is an eternal puzzle. Ever since the curiosity of our first Mother Eve turned the world topsy turvy, the movements, the moods, the whims of women have vexed and addled the brains of men the world over. Talk of the sudden changes of Missouri weather! They pale into insignificance when compared with the changes of a woman's temperament. A most lovable being for all that; this world would be all humdrum without her. She is the variety which adds the spice to life.

Well, Peggy McGowan was a woman, all femininity from the tips of her toes to the very ends of her closely bobbed auburn hair. Hence, she acted as a woman.

The world went on all this time much in the same fashion as ever it had. True it was a dull world now for Johnnie Nangle but he was only one poor straggling piece of humanity lost in the mass. It was

understood now that Peggy would marry Dick Starling. Peg's father fumed and roared, her mother pleaded and cried, but Peg's only answer was: "I love him."

Whether that was the only reason she gave when she asked for the dispensation is not known, but she obtained the dispensation and the marriage was announced for June 16th. It was to be in the church at nine-thirty o'clock in the morning. Peggy was still a staunch Catholic.

The sixteenth dawned bright and glorious, a beautiful wedding day. Johnnie's sisters, Nell and May, were to be bridesmaids and the way they chatted and sighed and fussed over their lovely gowns, one would think they themselves were to be brides. Some day they will be and they'll make pretty ones. But even with all their nervousness they were not up as early as their brother. When they rose John was not to be seen; he and his car had disappeared. Why he went to church that morning is a mystery, but there he was huddled in a pew way back on the epistle side. He didn't want to see Peggy married to another and yet he did want to be there—oh, anyhow he was there, an hour before the time set for the wedding.

Nine o'clock came. The first comers arrived. Slowly from then on the large church steadily filled; all loved this sweet girl in spite of her foolishness. Exactly at twenty-five minutes past nine old Father McGraw came out and stood on the top platform of the altar just as the wedding party drew up in front of the church on Baltimore street. Two large cars contained the principals of this momentous action. In one car were daddy and mother and Peggy McGowan and Nellie and May Nangle, the two bridesmaids; Mr. McGowan was at the wheel. Starling's car carried himself and his parents and the two male witnesses, the two lucky "scoundrels" who ruled the hearts of the Nangle sisters.

Peg stepped out. Leaning on her father's arm, she advanced to the entrance of the church to meet Dick. Wondrously fair was she to gaze upon, the ejaculations of the crowd which had gathered to see her testified to it. Johnnie was among them, only his was a groan of anguish. Never before had Peg looked so perfectly lovely. And there she was offering her hand to someone else. How he longed to pick her up and run away! Wouldn't something happen?

As Peggy passed, many an eye was stained with tears and many a

prayer ascended to God that He might protect this little girl so loved throughout the parish. Somehow—for some reason they didn't trust Starling.

Suddenly something did happen. Starling showed himself in his true colors. He and Peg were now advancing through the vestibule. As they came directly under the organ loft, Dick bent over and whispered into Peg's ear. With a startled look she reviewed his face, perhaps with the half hope of finding evidence that he was joking. Not satisfied, apparently, at what she saw she came to a dead stop and said in a scared voice:

"What; this is the last time I shall see this church or any Catholic church?"

Johnnie heard her, his heart leaped, his shoulders squared and the old light flashed in his eyes.

Starling, blushing crimson, nodded affirmation.

"Then," said Peg; she was herself again, disillusioned, unenchanted; her head was high as she spoke, "then, sir, good-day to you and good-bye and don't try to stop me for I am going, and don't try to see me any more." Then she deliberately turned and quickly retreated, almost ran from him. Once out of the church she broke down and began crying hysterically on her mother's breast. Mrs. McGowan led her gently to the car, murmuring: "There, there, Peggy, my sweet, I knew Our Sweet Mother would guard our little girl."

Nangle was near. Taller, straighter, more handsome than ever he looked as he darted forward, opened the door of the car and handed Peggy and her mother in. "Nell," he cried happily to his sister, "you and May drive home in my car, will you?" and without waiting for an answer he piled in next to Peg.

Mr. McGowan had recovered his wonted poise and was now at the wheel. As they drove off they left a most perfect setting for an unusually good picture. There in the midst of a heaving crowd, some of whom cried, others laughed, all of whom waved hats, handkerchiefs, anything, stood Starling absolutely stupefied. Way up on the altar Father McGraw wondering at all the commotion, was waving and gesticulating as if in the midst of an eloquent sermon.

All this time Peggy had noticed nothing. She was sobbing out her little heart on mother's shoulder. Soon Johnnie's fingers stole over and imprisoned Peg's tiny hand. "Peg," he whispered, "Peggy—little

girl, I'm here! Just tell me—say that you told a—a—a story when you said you didn't love me."

A stir, a rustle, then slowly she raised her eyes and looked at him. With a sudden impulse she flung herself on her knees.

"Forgive me, Jackie," in a whisper, "I"—she blushed, "I love, I have always—"

But no one ever heard what Peggy had always done, for in an instant Johnnie had her on the seat beside him and there, right in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. McGowan, Jackie kissed away the rest of Peggy's words.

CONVERTING AMERICA

"The keynote of all our missionary endeavors under this plan must be insisted upon: it is kindness.

"We must not answer abuse with abuse, nor railing with railing. That method is not Catholic because it is not Christian.

"Our separated brethren have been grossly deceived by men who benefit by making deception profitable. Non-Catholics have heard one side of the story presented with bitterness and by falsehood. The sublime virtue of patriotism has been used to make the deception all the greater. No wonder that many have fallen into the error of misjudging us.

"We must not hold this against sincere men and women. There must be no attempt at even the slightest reprisals in business or social life. There must be an end to the saying of harsh things.

"One remedy only may be effectually employed and that is, the charity of Christ, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of His Truth.

"I beg of you, therefore, to put all bitterness out of your heart, bar it from re-entrance, not alone during the time allotted to prayer, for our effort, but for all time."

These are wise words from Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma.

Speaking good things of self is the one subject on which most men are perfectly frank, and it is the only one on which it isn't necessary to be.

Evolution and Man

THE CATHOLIC ATTITUDE

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The recent Scopes case in Tennessee, but more so perhaps the newspaper writeups and comments in connection with it, have aroused much interest in the question of evolution. The newspaper writeups were often signalized by a marked flippancy. Catholics, reading of Evolution in the papers and hearing it spoken of in casual conversations, have asked themselves what ought to be their attitude on the subject and what bearing it has on their faith.

When we consider the Scopes case itself, three questions arise at once as directly pertaining to the issue.

First, did Scopes break the law of the State of Tennessee? This was really the question before the Court. The salient part of the law reads:

"That it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any school supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of this State, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." The Court decided that Scopes did break the law.

The next question is, is the law constitutional? Judge Raulston seems to be convinced that it is. It is for the Federal Court to decide the matter ultimately.

Thirdly, we ask, is the law expedient or opportune? On this there seems to be some difference of opinion. Some think that it was high time that a halt be called to the rantings and dogmatizing of evolutionists, not only in the name of Religion, but still more in the name of true science, which is becoming ashamed of seeing hypotheses treated like established laws, and mere conjectures pawned off as facts by textbook makers.

Others, however, think that the passing of this law was inexpedient. Dr. Ryan of the Catholic University of Washington, for instance, whose views are always so sane and well-reasoned as to inspire confidence, says:

"In a sense the law is reasonable. That is to say, the teaching which

it forbids, ought not to be permitted in public schools; for these schools should be, and in theory are, neutral on the subject of religion. If it is improper for a public school teacher to teach any particular form of religious belief, it is likewise improper for him to teach any doctrine which contradicts any religious belief. To tell his pupils that 'the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible' is not true, is surely a violation of the neutrality of public schools."

"But," continues Father Ryan, "nevertheless the Tennessee anti-evolution statute is deserving of condemnation. While the anti-religious teaching at which it is aimed ought to be kept out of public schools, the method of preventing it by state law is a bad method." His reasons are:

First, "Legislative interference with the school curriculum may easily extend into other fields than those of science and religion. If the state may prohibit the teaching of evolution, why may it not prohibit instruction which favors the co-operative principle in industry, etc.?"

Furthermore, "If the state may forbid certain doctrines to be taught in public schools, why may it not command the teaching of certain other doctrines?"

Lastly, "All such legislation is open to great abuse."

Father Blakely, of the Society of Jesus, writing in "America", is equally strong in his condemnation of the law.

One thing that the law reveals is a strange series of paradoxes: we have a court defending the Bible while many Protestant denominations have practically given it up; we have a court deciding what the Bible means and posing as its interpreter, while usually non-Catholics object to the Church acting as official interpreter; thirdly, we have something like a union of church and state secured by the denominations of Tennessee—the very thing which is so often and so bitterly but untruthfully said to be the aim of the Catholic Church; and, lastly, the Tennessee court and the agencies behind it seem to have taken a precept of the Catholic Church and made it the law of the state.

But all these things aside, what had the question of evolution to do with the case? Nothing. It was simply dragged in, and some of our Sunday papers persist in dragging it before the public.

What then is the Catholic attitude on evolution in as far as it concerns man's origin?

In the first place, what has been expressly defined by the Church

as matter of faith in this regard? Only this: God is the author of the universe and all that is in it, in as far as everything that is, ultimately owes its existence and activity to His divine Omnipotence. This is the first article of the Creed; this was made the subject of a formal definition by the Vatican Council. Is this all we must hold? No.

Other propositions must be held by Catholics because, though not expressly defined in any Creed used in the Church or by any Council or Pope speaking "*ex cathedra*", they are so universally and have been so perpetually taught in the preaching of the Church, and are so closely connected with other defined truths, that they must be considered to be in some way implicitly contained in Dogmas of Faith. Such propositions are:

That the souls of our first parents were created directly by God—no matter what might be said of their bodies;

That the soul of every individual is created directly by God;

That the present human race living on this earth is descended from Adam and Eve.

Thirdly, some propositions have never been definitely examined or settled by the Church, but pronouncements have been made upon them that bind us in obedience. Thus, for instance, the question of the origin of man's body—the bodies of our first parents. We are not considering here for the present what the Sacred Scriptures say in regard to it, but merely what pronouncements have been made by official authority in the Church.

On this, while we have no definitive sentence, we have some clear decisions for our guidance.

In 1899 Father J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., published his "*Evolution and Dogma*", in which he defends a view proposed by St. George Mivart—that the body of Adam was formed by a process of evolution and not by any direct creative act of God's. The Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, one of the Papal committees which takes cognizance of matters of faith, enjoined on him to have the book withdrawn from sale. Father Zahm, at the time, wrote to the translator of his work: "I have learned from unquestionable authority that the Holy See is adverse to the further distribution of "*Evolution and Dogma*", and I therefore beg you to use all your influence to have the work withdrawn from sale.

Two or three other Churchmen, who ventured the same view, were asked to recall it.

In 1909, the following inquiry was put before the Papal Biblical Commission:

"Whether especially the literal historical sense can be called in question with regard to the facts narrated in those chapters (of Genesis) which touch the foundations of the Christian religion: as for example among others, the creation of all things by God at the beginning of time; the special creation of man; the formation of the first woman from the first man; the unity of the human race, etc...." The Pontifical Biblical Commission replied in the negative. That is, we cannot call in question the literal, historical sense of these passages.

What is the force of these decisions? They are not definitions of faith since they do not emanate from a Council or the Pope speaking "*ex cathedra*", but from committees of the Papal court that decide provisionally.

They bind in conscience first of all, not to teach any of the proscribed views *as long as they are proscribed*; this, because they are official.

They bind us, moreover, to conform our views with those of the Sacred Roman Congregations, as long as we have no sufficient reason for rejecting them; this, because these Congregations are composed of expert scholars who have given the matters thorough study and because the Pope has endorsed them in this sense.

Should any scholar be convinced of the contrary, the right procedure would be to submit his views privately to the Congregation and await their decision.

As to our present matter, the application of evolution to man's origin, it might be noticed in passing that the Tennessee law is a counterpart of the decision of the Biblical Commission, only not so carefully worded.

Lastly, there are many questions on which the Church has passed no sentence, either definitively or provisionally. Such, for instance, is the question of the origin of species in plant or animal life. Confident that truth cannot gainsay truth, that science cannot contradict revelation so long as science remains true to itself, she awaits the results and findings of scientific inquiry. Some Catholic scientists, like Father Wasmann, of the Society of Jesus, hold for a limited evolution

of species; while others like Father Barry O'Toole think that not even this is justified by facts thus far discovered. We can await the issue without fear or trepidation.

This much comes home to us very forcibly: a triumphant vindication of the wisdom of the Church and of her true broad-mindedness, despite all that has ignorantly been said of her dogmatizing tyranny.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS

Just a little simple story, but in it there is food for thought.

The Families were at their summer home at the sea-side and little Charles, an only child, was delighted to have other children to play with. One day he transgressed in something and mother told him that to make him remember another time, he must stay in their own dooryard all day and not go to the beach to play with the other children. He recognized the justice of his sentence and acquiesced in it quite cheerfully.

For a while he amused himself with his ball, then, hearing the merry shouts of his playmates on the beach, he went and sat on the doorsteps with his head in his hands and murmured to himself, "I wish I was there, I wish I was there." Then he walked down to the gate, listened, came back to the steps and sat down again very dejectedly. After a few tears had trickled through his fingers, nearly breaking the heart of mother who chanced to pass by, and almost deciding her to remit the small boy's sentence, Charles again went to the gate and climbed up on it. From this vantage ground he could just see the heads of his playmates. It was too much for him. He burst open the gate, exclaiming, "I can't stay!" He ran to the beach as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him and joined the children.

When he came home mother said, "Charles, I shall have to punish you." "Yes, mother," came very faintly. "I saw you when you first went to the gate, and I saw you when you ran to the beach." "Where were you, mother, when you saw me?" "I was at the window." "Well, mother, before you punish me may I ask a question?" "Certainly, my son." "Why didn't you tap on the window, mother, and help your little boy?"

A word of timely warning and kindly advice may make many a bitter lesson or bitterer punishment unnecessary.

Sell What Thou Hast

CH. VII. A FATAL DECISION

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Doctor White was persistent. Every day Mame heard from him. Either it was a telephone call or a letter or he dropped in at the studio to see her during rest hour between classes. Again and again he brought her gifts that represented an extravagant outlay of money. He wanted an answer—he wanted to know whether she would keep company with him only, and he wanted that answer to be yes.

At last, one night when they were out for a drive, she gave him the long desired reply.

"Only," she said, "don't say anything to the folks at present; I can't tell them; they won't understand."

"Don't worry, little girl," he assured her. "I'll take care of that. When the opportune time comes, I'll know how to put it to them."

She wished he had shown some signs of wanting to find out about her religion; but this never seemed to cross his mind. He never considered being anything else than what he was and thought that that had nothing to do with their going out anyway. She was on the point of suggesting to him that he take some instruction in the Faith to acquaint himself with the religion that was so vital to her—or that, at least, he read some books on the Catholic religion. But always the same decision came to her mind: some other time when it would be more opportune.

The day before Christmas, in the best of humor and under the spell of the feast, she called him up to invite him for luncheon. Her parents, who knew that she still saw him occasionally—ignorant of how often it really was—had told her to invite him. They could see that something worried the girl and meant to bring a decision.

"I'm sorry, Mame," answered the Doctor across the phone. "I would surely be delighted to come, especially since the folks want it. Isn't that fine! But I can't; I have an unexpected operation to perform at the Hospital—it was to have come off on the 26th, but the case took a sudden turn and it has to be done at once. You understand, don't you?"

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Gerber as Mame turned from the telephone with a look of disappointment. "Isn't he coming?"

"No," replied the girl. "He has an operation to perform at the Hospital—all unexpected."

"An operation at the Hospital! On Christmas eve!" replied her mother, with a knowing smile. She knew him now to be an impostor. "Yes," she continued bitterly, "he is having dinner with someone else today—that's all. When he feels like it, he thinks you should be ready and delighted to jump at his call and go out with him. That being busy at the Hospital and being busy at the office is their usual line—a convenient excuse."

"It isn't so with him," rejoined Mame hotly. "I know it isn't; I know him better. Didn't I. . . ." In her anxiety to exonerate the man she was about to tell how often she went with him and how wonderful he was to her and that they had already agreed to keep company; but at once she shut up like a clam. "I don't care what they say—they can all talk," she said to herself. "I know better, and some day I'll be able to convince them." Aloud to her mother she said with trembling lips: "You can say what you like, I know that if he could have come, he would have accepted the invitation."

Late that afternoon—a gloomy afternoon for Mame, who was expecting a message any moment from Doctor White—the door bell rang. To her surprise it was the Doctor himself. After greeting the family he asked Mame to go out with him for dinner.

"Why go out?" asked Mr. Gerber. "We would be glad to have you with us for a Christmas eve dinner."

"So much the better," replied Doctor White. "It would be a real pleasure for me to stay." Mame was not quite so sure. She would rather have gone out. She wondered at her father's cordial invitation and for a while was extremely nervous, fearing her parents might betray the feelings they had shown at luncheon and make the meeting anything but agreeable. She breathed somewhat freely again as she noticed that they were most friendly.

"We were very sorry," said Mr. Gerber, "that you couldn't come to luncheon with us."

"I was more than sorry," rejoined the Doctor. "You don't know how I hated to turn down the invitation. In fact, I was sorely tempted to run away from the Hospital just during luncheon hour. But it was simply impossible. My profession called."

"I understand," answered Mr. Gerber. "Business before pleasure, surely; that's no more than right."

So, it went on. Mame, however, was never completely at her ease. She had a presentiment that her parents would not keep away from the question of religion. Dinner over, she had to assist in the kitchen, but her ears were alert to what was being said in the parlor. Every now and then she approached the door to listen.

"I was wondering," she heard Doctor White begin, "and I would like to know, how you felt, Mr. Gerber, regarding my going out with your daughter, Mame." There was no answer. Mame stood motionless in the kitchen.

"I would like to ask your permission," the Doctor continued, "to take her out and have you trust me and feel safe when she is with me. I will say, I think the world of Mame—I have never met a girl like her—and I surely would appreciate your consent, as I know that she would feel much more contented if she knew that you had no objections to our going out together."

Mame could stand it no longer. Putting aside the towel and dishes with which she had been busy, she stood at the entrance of the parlor, anxiously awaiting her father's reply. He seemed to hesitate.

"Do you know," she heard him say at length, "that we are of the Catholic Faith? I understand that you do not profess any religion."

It was the answer Mame dreaded—all wrong to her mind. She stepped into the parlor, thinking that her coming might change the subject of the conversation. But Doctor White himself precipitated the issue.

"Mame," he said, "I was just asking your folks for their permission to keep steady company with you, as you had asked me to do some time ago."

Her father looked at her. So you have already agreed about this, he seemed to say. Mame winced under his gaze.

"I am very sorry," he said at last, turning to Doctor White, "but it seems that the only objection we have to your going out together is the matter of religion. But, really, that is a serious objection to us."

The Doctor's face clearly betrayed his disappointment. Mame was ready to burst into tears. How could her father be so cruel! Never before did she realize how much she was wrapped up in this man. It seemed now that he was about to be torn from her, while every fibre clung to him.

"If I were to say that I would take up the Catholic Religion, would that possibly make you change your mind?" asked the Doctor.

"It would take some time to take such a step," answered Mame's father. "Then we could discuss this matter more thoroughly."

The girl was furious. Her mind was in a turmoil. "It doesn't make any difference to me whether Jack has faith or not," she was going to say. "This is my affair. I am of age and no one will keep me away from him." But on further thought she was silent and went back to finish the dishes. The Doctor took his leave soon after. At the door Mame was able to whisper to him reassuringly:

"Don't mind what they say. Call for me, Jack, after the 9:30 Mass tomorrow—about ten o'clock."

The Doctor's face brightened.

"Mame, Mame!" said her mother, sadly, as the girl closed the door on the Doctor and re-entered the room. "I had no idea that things had gone so far. I did not think that he took matters so seriously after taking you out only a few times."

"Only a few times!" reflected Mame. "How thankful I am that I never mentioned our going out together."

"Well," she said defiantly in answer to her mother, "what if I did marry a non-Catholic? I could get a dispensation, couldn't I?"

"A dispensation would not remove the consequences," she replied. "Mame, I would be the unhappiest woman in the world if any of my children married out of the Faith. I do not think I could have anything to do with such a one."

"You can find plenty of men in your own faith, Mame," put in her father, somewhat sternly, even impatiently. "You do not have to look anywhere else. Men without religion aren't worth your consideration, anyway."

"That isn't true of all!" replied the girl with great vehemence. "Jack is better and truer than many a Catholic fellow."

"I know very well that we have good and bad in our religion," parried the father. "But if you can't find a good honest Catholic man—one who can help you build a Catholic home and bring up your children in the faith, then it will be time to consider someone else. I should rather not see you marry at all."

There was no solace for her here. She went to her room. Taking out her diary, she wrote her decision:

"I shall and will go out with Jack and no one shall know about it. I will make arrangements and then remain quiet. I know I am doing

wrong, but perhaps, some day I can get him to turn for me.... Oh! if I only had someone to talk to.

The few lines revealed only feebly the true condition of her soul. It was torn ragged with conflicting fears and loves, doubts and convictions; passion had the uppermost. Unfortunately, she had turned her back on her parents who might have guided and helped her; she had turned her back on confession and Communion where she might have gained light and strength; she had turned her back it seemed on her God; she could not pray. She had recourse to tears; they came in a blinding stream.

(To be Continued.)

FINDING PEACE

Frederic Ozanam was born in Milan, April 23, 1813, and died at Marseilles, September 8, 1852. He studied law in Paris. At an early age he became a prey of the greatest doubt.

"God," he said, "gave me the grace to be born in the Faith. Later the confusion of an unbelieving world surrounded me. I knew all the horrors of doubt that torment the soul. It was then that the instruction of a priest and philosopher, the Abbe Noirot, saved me. I believed thenceforth with an assured faith, and touched by so rare a goodness, I promised God to devote my life to the services of the Truth which had given me peace." Rarely was a promise more faithfully fulfilled.

Ozanam taught charity. He was always considerate of the feelings of others. This made him popular with all who knew him. It was never his policy to condemn those who did not agree with him.

The excessive pleasure we take in speaking of ourselves ought to make us be afraid of giving none to those who listen to us.

There is nothing that I can give God that will please Him better than if I give my heart entirely to Him, and unite it closely to Him.—*Thos. à Kempis.*

On the feats of the Saints consider their virtues and beseech God to deign to adorn you with them.—*St. Teresa.*

Catholic Anecdotes

DON'T TRUST THE DEVIL

An anecdote is told of Mother Geoffrey— an early companion of Mother Barat, now to be canonized. Mother promptly put down every movement of self-love or vanity in herself.

"But Mother," protested a friend one day, "it is simply impossible for you to believe that you are devoid of all intelligence and talent."

"I suppose I must have a little, since everyone says so," was her instant reply, " but I not only suppose, but am thoroughly convinced that the least of the devils has far more than I."—*Ave Maria.*

THE LITTLE LAMP

In the life of the Little Flower occurs a little incident that holds a splendid lesson of encouragement for those whose tasks are humble and lowly, whose lives are simple and unnoticed. It is the Little Flower speaking:

"Sister Mary of the Eucharist wanted to light candles for the procession. However, she had no matches, and seeing the little lamp which burned before the relics, she went to it and found it almost spent. There only remained a weak thread of light on the smoking wick. Notwithstanding, she succeeded in lighting her candle, and with that candle all the other of the community. Therefore, it was the little already half-spent lamp which produced these beautiful flames which in their turn will be able to light an infinite number, even to burning the whole world. And it is always that the first cause of the fire should be attributed to the little lamp. So the big flames could boast of having produced a fire, even though they were lighted by an humble little half-spent flame.

"So, in the Communion of Saints, without knowing it, the grace and light which we receive are due to an unknown soul, because the good God wishes the saints reciprocally to communicate graces by means of prayer, so that in heaven we are loved with a great love, a love much

greater than that of our earthly family, even of the ideal family. How many times have I thought that perhaps I owe all the graces I have received to the prayers of a soul, who will have asked God for me, and whom I will only know in heaven."

"Yes, a little spark can produce great lights in the Church, like the martyrs who will be in heaven above this soul. But how can I not think that their glory will not also become the glory of this little soul?"

"In heaven we will not meet indifferent glances, because all the elect will recognize each other, being reciprocally debtors of the graces by which they merited their glory."

TRUE GREATNESS

"I would ask three questions," said the Prince in a well-known fable. "First: when is man the greatest?"

"When he laughs amid tears; when he suffers and is silent; when he labors although he foresees he will never be paid," said the Wise Man.

"When is woman the greatest?" asked the Prince, in the second place.

"By the cradle of her child; by the couch of the dying; at the feet of God," answered the Wise Man.

"When is God the greatest?" asked the Prince finally.

"There are no degrees in God," said the Wise Man devoutly. "He is always greatest and best."

"Come," said the Prince to his companion. "I have found what I have sought."

TOLERANCE

Father Doyle, the well-known chaplain of the Irish troops in the Great World War, while attending the wounded on the battlefield one day chanced upon a wounded Ulsterman, and prepared to help him.

"Ah, Father," said the man, "I don't belong to your Church."

"No," replied Father Doyle, "but you belong to my God." And he did all he could to help him in his dying hour.

"Seems like most things," says Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, "come out all right, if you just wait long enough."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE NAME OF MARY

"The name of Mary is still the most popular of all names," said someone the other day. "Somebody or other has gathered statistics to show that no other name is so often found among girls as this."

Perhaps it doesn't mean much—there are Marys who haven't honored the name at all and there are Marys who were named so after somebody else than Mary, the Mother of our Lord.

But—it is good to see the name still appearing like a constant fulfillment of the words that first Mary spoke: 'Behold all generations shall call me blessed.'

May mothers continue to give it to their girls so that there may be a Mary in every family.

But above all may that name be honored and invoked in every home. Blessings will come into the home with it. September 12th is the day devoted by the Church to the honor of the Name of Mary. Mark it on your calendar and pause to reflect whether you are honoring it in act as well as word.

I BELIEVE

"I have had so many letters lately," declares Cora Harris in an autobiographical article, "from men and women who no longer believe in God. They have fallen over the precipice of Rationalism into an awful pit of darkness. But it is perfectly apparent that any one of them would be quick to believe in a man or a woman. They are the same old barnacles of faith we all are, who lost their hold on the good bottom, raked off by the lives they have lived or the thinking they have practiced. They are the most credulous people in the world. I never knew one who would not trust a convincing rascal."

All of which leads me to think: What a wonderfully strong faith those must have who believe in evolution! With every missing link,

still missing—with no evidence of any evolution before them—with only assertions of men declaring it must have been so in the million and million years that must have preceded our day—still to say: I believe!

Oh, for the faith of the evolutionist!

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION

"Theoretically," writes someone in the Saturday Evening Post, "every lawyer wants to do the best he can for his client; but if it were possible to subject to analysis the motivation of the average attorney engaged upon a knotty case, the analyst would report about as follows:

ANALYSIS OF THE MOTIVATION OF LAWYER X

Desire to win the case.....	90%
Desire to do so with as little trouble as possible to himself..	10%
<hr/>	
Total motivation.....	100%

"The second item in this analysis," continues the writer, "small as it is, often loses a case that might have been won except for that little sneaking desire to save apparently needless labor."

A very wise remark! And not only lawyers have suffered because of that little sneaking desire, but many a worker and many a student and many a professional man.

A PATHETIC CASE

On the correspondence page of the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen, I ran across a letter by a girl who evidently can think and write better than the average. It seemed to me very pathetic and makes me hope that not many of her age and type are in the same plight.

"When I have a problem to work out, I do not ask mother or father; I have to get along as best I can alone. Is it any wonder that we blunder?

"All my life I have wanted something—wanted it more than anything else in the world. Yet mother knows nothing about it. I tried to tell her once and she laughed. That's why we are afraid to trust the older generation with our ideals—because they laugh at us. So we cover them as deep as we can, and you call us hard and wild."

Scripture somewhere tells us what a priceless treasure a true friend is. And the natural, the proper friend for any boy or girl is father or mother. Surely it is sad when they fail them in moments of doubt or trouble.

THE OTHER SIDE

But I have a lurking suspicion, born of some observation, that children more often do not try to make father or mother their friend and confidant in the things that really trouble them.

In their first doubts about the conduct and manners of their new-found friends—in their first wonderings at the letters they receive—in their first surprises at the principles they hear enunciated by those with whom they associate—in their first puzzling over the appropriateness of this or that style—do they go candidly and with a heart ready to hear and follow, to father or mother? Do they give them a chance to be the friends and confidants they ought to be?

Or do they not prefer to keep these things under cover to decide for themselves what is to be done? Haven't they all along a lurking feeling that they know better?

Surely, it is pathetic.

THE INDEX OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS

"I think we ought to read those books so that we may know what others think." It was a sixteen-year-old who was speaking. It reminded me of a learned Benedictine's remarks on the Index of Forbidden Books. Here they are:

"If you were one whose duty it is to clear up these attacks on the truth for the sake of souls who are deceived by them, it would then be necessary for you to read such a book to compare it with the Catholic doctrine, to show how the facts are seen in their true light by the church, and to explain how the unbelievers misread them.

"But if your duty does not require you to study both sides fully, then it will do you no good, but probably harm, to read or hear what a clever man has to say against the truth. And therefore the Church is bound to forbid this.

"Another consideration is this: In the Church there are all classes of minds, from the dullest to the keenest, from the most ignorant to the most learned, and amongst those also who attack the Church, are to be found all these classes of minds.

"If we arrange them on each side from the lowest to the highest, it is evident that a man higher on the ladder of intelligence can make out a case for his own side that a man lower down cannot see through nor answer.

"But this does not say that the unanswered case is unanswerable or that it is true; it only says that you are not a match for the pleader on the other side. And since you cannot see through his argument, it will only hurt you to read them.

"The Church will provide someone else to answer them—probably has answered them centuries since. No one at all, however, clear-minded, can profit by reading only the attack on the truth, without the Church's answer, and to read both will profit only those who have the education and the clearness of thought needed to follow and to weigh the thinkers on each side.

"Therefore, ordinarily these attacks must not be read."

OUR PRESENT NEEDS

Pope Pius X one day, while conversing with a group of Cardinals, as Msgr. Gibier relates, asked them:

"What is most necessary for the welfare of contemporary society?"

"To build Catholic schools," one replied.

"No," answered the Pope.

"To increase the number of churches," another said. Again the Holy Father disagreed.

"To secure more vocations to the priesthood," ventured a third. His Holiness disagreed with this also, and declared:

"The most urgent need of the day is to form in each parish a group of lay people who are well informed, resolute and courageous—who are truly apostles."

Study those three adjectives: well-informed, resolute and courageous. They hold up an ideal toward which every Catholic layman should strive.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

A MEMORABLE NOVENA

Last month we chronicled doings in the field afar off in Canada. Now we come a little closer to home.

There is in the city of Davenport, Iowa, a small parish dedicated to that great Doctor of the Church, St. Alphonsus. Needless to say there is in that humble church a picture of Our Lady under the title of Perpetual Help. Hardly a Redemptorist Church is without such a picture.

As a preparation for the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, this year of grace, 1925, the Fathers engaged the services of a veteran missionary to preach the glories of Mary. The following account will show that they made no mistake.

"The Novena being held this week at St. Alphonsus' Church, Davenport, Iowa, gives promise of becoming one of the most remarkable demonstrations of religion ever witnessed in this city. The crowds that throng to the devotions each evening fill every available space, overflowing into the sanctuary and the sacristy. Arrangements may have to be made to hold a double service owing to these throngs, ever on the increase. Each morning large numbers gather at the Masses and receive Holy Communion. There are each morning two High Masses at the Shrine. Several of these Masses are being sung in thanksgiving for favors already received.

"In the evening the services consist of the reading of petitions, prayers to the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help, sermon, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, and the Blessing of the sick.

"The number of petitions to Our Blessed Lady runs very high. And the requests run the gamut of every human want and affliction: temporal and spiritual.

"There is no doubt but that the devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help is fast becoming one of the popular devotions of our day. This is attested by the vast throngs of people who gather at her shrines

in every section of the country. That the faith and confidence of the people do not go unrewarded is evidenced by the many thanksgivings constantly recorded at these same shrines. During this Novena 53 thanksgivings have already been handed in—for favors received. Dav-enport is surely privileged to possess one of these miraculous images which the Blessed Mother has seen fit in our days to favor so lavishly."

Thus the first account.

And later accounts of this same Novena confirmed the above chronicle. Indeed, the later accounts record the fact that people, no longer finding place within the Church, the sanctuary and the sacristies, camped on the lawns outside. Through the windows they could see and hear and even join in the prayers. A wonderful protestation of their confidence in Mary.

"The Novena came to a close on one of those rare Sundays in June. At three in the afternoon a special service was held for Mothers. A particular blessing would be imparted to their infant children. And the great number present from all over the city showed how anxious Christian Mothers are to have their children under the special protection of Our Heavenly Mother. Then, at 7:30 in the evening, the solemn closing devotions were conducted in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Edward Howard, D.D., Auxiliary-Bishop of the diocese. Again the Church was filled to overflowing. And when the last Blessing of the Sick had been bestowed the multitude went away to their various cares and works better for what they had seen and heard and received during these days of grace and Benediction."—*Ph.D.*

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I write you these few lines to let you know that since our prayers to Our Lady of Perpetual Help things are looking so much better. My nephew has been offered a position so much better than what he had that we are all thankful to our Blessed Lady."

"Many thanks, Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, for the favor you have granted me in my last Novena. I had then prayed for three of our good fathers who were very sick. All are now much better. I am having a Mass said in thanksgiving. I will always continue my devotion to you, dearest Mother of Perpetual Help."—*Detroit.*

Catholic Events

While all Italy was enjoying the great mid-August holiday and trying to escape from the unusual heat, the Holy Father refused to take off even a half day from the strenuous round of Holy Year duties. A correspondent alluding to the matter said:

"The Pontiff is celebrating the Ferragosto vacation by receiving over the week-end in the hottest portion of a hot summer, 8,000 workmen from all parts of Italy. The Pope's entire entourage is taking vacations, though the time will be somewhat curtailed. But when he is urged to take a day off, he says: 'I am perfectly well and it would not be fair to disappoint some poor pilgrims who happen to have a scheduled audience on the day I choose to rest.' Pope Pius is receiving 2,000 pilgrims a day, giving each a jubilee medal besides celebrating Mass in St. Peter's."

* * *

The Holy Father bestowed on Bishop Schrembs the body of St. Christina, Virgin and Martyr, to be placed in the Cathedral of Cleveland. St. Christina died for the Faith, probably in the third century. Her body rested in the Catacombs till the pontificate of Benedict XIV, when it was placed in the convent of the Augustinian Sisters in Rome. The Pope made the gift to Bishop Schrembs because he fostered a movement for the restoration of the Catacombs and obtained generous donations to carry out the work.

In making the grant, the Holy Father sent the following message to America: "America has been the hand of Providence for the impoverished and unfortunate countries of the world and the world will never forget America."

* * *

The Pope has confirmed the judgment of the commission of Cardinals which early this year declared valid the marriage of Marquis Boni de Castellane to the former Anna Gould, refusing the annulment which the Marquis has sought since 1911. His Holiness rejected the Marquis' requests for a reexamination of the case.

* * *

Among the recent pilgrimages to Rome was one from Scandinavia. One-third of the members of the pilgrimage were Protestants. This was the first time in 400 years that Lutherans were received in pilgrimage at the Vatican.

* * *

Seventeen committees composed of 250 pastors of churches of the archdiocese of Chicago and eight Knights of St. Gregory, have begun preparations for the Eucharist Congress to be held in Chicago in June of next year. Cardinal Mundelein, addressing the first meeting of the committee, outlined the idea of the Congress.

"This will be the 28th International Eucharistic Congress," he said, "and the first to be held in the United States. All former congresses except one were held in the capitals of Europe. It will be a magnificent sight to all in Chicago, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and may make an impression upon a city where there are more crimes and less punishment than any other city in the world.

"The Congress is more than a religious gathering. It is a sermon, a mission, a religious revival. There will be 2,000,000 confessions to be heard and a like number of Holy Communion to be given to the faithful. This will necessitate the calling in of more than 3,000 priests to aid those already in the Archdiocese.

"At Mundelein there will be a gigantic open-air cathedral, where those not of our faith may come and watch and pray and worship with us. The Holy Sacrifice will be offered while the assemblage will gather on the spacious lawns to hear the words of the Mass chanted by a visiting Cardinal from a foreign country."

* * *

Msgr. Quille, secretary of the Eucharistic Congress, said: "During the Chicago World's Fair, I am told, 750,000 persons visited Chicago in a single day. We will have three times that many. The colossal task of caring for 2,000,000 people for four days will require all the thought and energy that can be mustered."

* * *

The missionaries in China are threatened by the anti-foreign feeling growing there. The Maryknoll missionaries at Yeung Kong had an exciting escape. Father Cohill, however, of Kaifeng, writes: "No hope of peace in sight, but daily growing worse. My address will be Kaifeng until kicked out or sent to heaven."

* * *

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has accepted the resignation from the See of Wilmington, tendered him by the Rt. Rev. J. J. Monaghan. As successor to the See of Wilmington the Holy Father has appointed the Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. FitzMaurice, Rector of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia. Bishop Monaghan is 69 years old and was bishop of Wilmington for 28 years.

* * *

Q A total of 112 nuns attended summer school at the University of Illinois. Seven orders were represented, as follows: Sisters of Mercy, 11; Franciscans, 24; Benedictines, 18; ~~charity~~, 18; Visitation, 15; Dominican, 1; and Sister Servants of the Heart of Mary, 25. In addition, four priests and six brothers were enrolled in summer courses.

* * *

More than 15,000 missionary priests are teaching the beauties of the Faith to young and old in pagan lands. We of the United States contribute more than half the means to keep these stalwart souls marching in the Conquest of the Cross. But what we contribute is not one-third sufficient, even though each year we become increasingly generous.

* * *

The great Ku Klux Klan parade of Washington is a thing of the past. At first they boasted that 150,000 to 200,000 would be in line.

Then they became doubtful and said only 5,000 would march. The parade was held and the Klan officials declared 100,000 participated. In reality, 20,331, wearing gowns, but unmasked, were in line. Three thousand, fifty-six were women. There was no disturbance. There were the usual fiery attacks on Catholics, Jews and Negroes, but few heard them; rain drove the rest to look for cover.

* * *

From virtually every point of view, the 43rd annual international convention of the Knights of Columbus held in Duluth, was the greatest in the history of the order, officers declare. The gathering was notable in point of growth in membership, in achievements reported, for the new projects planned, for the entertainment of the Knights and for the unanimity of spirit and general enthusiasm.

The Knights of Columbus now have 750,000 members in 2,400 councils. Columbia, the official organ, prints an average of 750,000 copies monthly.

At the close of the present school year the Knights will discontinue the night schools because of the depletion of the war fund and because of the belief that all veterans have been cared for, as far as night schools are concerned. Further, a great national boys' organization is to be built up, known as the Columbian Squires, and boy leaders to be trained at Notre Dame University. Supreme Knight, James A. Flaherty, was reelected.

* * *

An international society of Catholic laywomen, medical foreign missionaries, was launched at Washington, with the authorization of Archbishop Curley. It is to be known as the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries. Its members, all laywomen, must be specialists—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, etc., before they can enter. They will lead a community life, but without the three usual vows of religious. They will be bound by a pledge of only three years' service, after which they may renew their membership or leave the society. They will work in the foreign mission field. Dr. Anna Dengel, an Austrian by birth, who made her medical studies at the University of Cork, Ireland, is the founder. She served for three and a half years as medical missionary in the Punjab, India.

* * *

Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., assistant editor of the "Ave Maria," a poet and author widely known, died recently at Notre Dame University.

On Monday, July 27, government officials aided by military force, raided the Catholic Seminary at Guadalajara, Mexico, expelled the students and closed the institution. A group of seminary students gathered next day in the Plaza Mayor, opposite the governor's palace to make a protest. Mounted police were ordered out by the governor to clear the Plaza. Cheered by onlookers, the students resisted. Shots fired by the police, gave the signal for a general outburst of popular feeling against the police. Three policemen and two students were wounded. A large number of boys from the Catholic Young Men's Association are now in prison awaiting trial for the affair.

== THE == Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian," Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Were Luther and Calvin Catholic priests before they began their own religions?

Martin Luther was a priest; he had been ordained ten years when in 1517 he began his open attack upon the Church, but Calvin was never ordained in the Catholic Church.

Is a sickly person allowed to take beef broth on Fridays and other days of abstinence?

In itself, beef broth is forbidden on days of abstinence but a person who is very sick and needs this strengthening food is excused from the law of abstinence; if the person is not very sick and there is any doubt about the necessity of the beef broth, a dispensation can be obtained from the pastor.

A non-Catholic friend of mine, a great Bible reader, says that the Church does not do anything positive to encourage people to read the Bible. Could you tell me if there are any special privileges or indulgences granted to those who read the Bible and if the Church sanctions any societies whose purpose it is to cause the Bible to be read more extensively by Catholic people?

The Church has always encouraged the reading of the Holy Scriptures, especially the gospels. Three hundred days' indulgence is granted once daily to those who read the gospels at least a quarter of an hour. Those who have persevered in this quarter of an hour reading every day during a month, can gain a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions.

With regard to societies, the Church has approved of many societies, which have as their purpose the reading of the Bible; in fact such a society can be erected in every diocese with the approval of the bishop and all the faithful are exhorted to join. If the society has not been erected in a diocese, one can join the society in another diocese, merely by sending in one's name to the headquarters of the society. To encourage the faithful to enter into these

confraternities a plenary indulgence is granted on the day of admittance into the confraternity and likewise on many other days, for instance on Christmas, New Year, the feast of the Epiphany, Easter, The Ascension of Our Lord, Pentecost, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, celebrated on the 18th of January, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, celebrated on the 25th of January, the feasts of St. Joseph, St. Mark, St. James, St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. Jerome, St. Jude, the feasts of St. Peter and Paul and St. John, the Evangelist and on the feast of All Saints. Moreover an indulgence of a hundred days is granted to all members of these societies for every act of devotion or charity that is performed in furtherance of the objects of these confraternities.

Some one told me that during this year on account of the Jubilee, no indulgences can be gained except the Jubilee indulgence. Is that correct?

In order to encourage the faithful to comply with the conditions necessary to gain the Jubilee indulgence, the Pope has suspended during this year all indulgences for the living, except those for the Forty Hours devotion, for the saying of the Angelus daily and the indulgence to be gained at the hour of death; likewise the indulgences granted by Cardinal-legates, Nuncios and Bishops as well as the Portiuncula indulgence at Assisi are not suspended. However, there is no change made with regard to the indulgences for the dead; accordingly the indulgences for the Poor Souls in purgatory may be gained as usual.

The Story of the Little Flower of Jesus. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. With decorative drawings by Rev. Louis B. Egan, S. J. A little paper-covered book of 45 pages. Price, 15c, retail; to priests and religious, 10c each, net; \$9.00 per 100, \$75.00 per 1,000.

Some Good Books

The well-known Catholic publishing house of *Benziger Brothers* is exhibiting remarkable activity. For the benefit of our readers we give a list of some of their latest publications, together with a short review of each, as an aid to making an intelligent selection.

Catholic Customs and Symbols. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry. The author conducts his reader through an imaginary cathedral, discoursing meanwhile about ecclesiastical art, various architectural conventions and devices. He delves into the origins and meanings of familiar ceremonies and conventions—the Mass, Benediction, the rosary, litanies, vigils and feasts. Other subjects, Catholic but not religious, like the Gregorian calendar, are introduced. Price, \$1.90, net.

Sermons. By Rev. John A. Whelan, O. S. A. Here we have twelve sermons—vigorous, comprehensive, scholarly. Many of the subjects treated, such as the Holy Name, Catholic education, etc., are suitable for many occasions in the year. As a rule, the sermons are quite lengthy—covering twenty to thirty pages. Price, \$2.00, net.

Sodality Conferences. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. This volume forms the second of a series of instructions on those rules of the Sodality which specially concern the personal devotions and activities of Sodality members, as well as helpful counsels for directors. We are struck by the eminently practical suggestions and counsels which the author has woven into these conferences. Price, \$2.75, net.

Communion Devotions for Religious. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. As the title suggests, this is a collection of Communion Devotions arranged by Religious and intended for and directly meeting the requirements of Religious. The character of the 108 sets of Preparations and Thanksgivings is strikingly defined by Father LeBuffe in his preface: "For all our subtly or swiftly changing moods we have prayers that we may speed as we kneel

expectant of the coming of our King, or bow in lowliest adoration in those few moments we cherish Him as our Guest." Price, \$2.75 and \$3.75, net, according to bindings.

Our Nuns. Their Varied and Vital Service for God and Country. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. This is a new de luxe edition of the volume reviewed in the *Liguorian* for May, 1924. It is splendidly gotten up in imitation leather, gold top, and the price is \$3.00, net.

Boy Guidance. A Course in Catholic Boy Leadership. Outlined and edited by Father Kilian Hennrich, O. M. Cap. Chief Commissioner, Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States. This volume treats modern problems of organization and outlines activities for parish and community groups of boys. It is a supremely practical book; each subject is handled by a capable and experienced specialist. And it covers in orderly sequence all important phases of the work, from applied psychology to musical programs. Price, \$2.00, net.

Autobiography of an Old Breviary. Edited by Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D. The story of an old Breviary is here introduced with a view of interpreting, in a familiar way, the object, nature and contents of the official prayer-book of the Catholic Church. An excellent book for priests, seminarians, as well as others who for any reason seek to sanctify their daily labors by the thoughtful recitation of the Canonical Hours. Price, \$1.75, net.

The Villa by the Sea. A Novel by Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.00, net.

Need we recommend to you this latest novel from the pen of Isabel C. Clarke? Hardly. Merely to mention the author's name is sufficient assurance that you may expect an absorbing story, that will hold your interest to the very last. We heartily advise you to buy it at once before the matter slips from your memory, and spend some happy summer hours with the inmates of "The Villa by the Sea."

Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Torker (sighing): Ah, one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half suffers.

Mrs. Kaustic: Well, cheer up, my dear; it isn't your fault.

Rose: Isn't this a horrible photo of me?

May: Yes, but a very good likeness.

Ethel: Captain Fitzclarence never paid me any attention before, but he danced with me four times last night.

Maude: Oh, well, it was a charity ball, you remember.

Two young women, evidently strangers to each other, were seated at the same table in one of New York's popular restaurants. One of them had finished her lunch, the other was about to begin.

The girl who had finished sat back in her chair and lit a cigarette.

The other seemed to resent this and said: "I suppose you do not object to my eating while you are smoking?"

The first girl looked at her and answered, brightly: "Well, no, not so long as I can hear the orchestra."

Father: What have you done with the money I gave you.

Boy: I gave it to a poor old woman who—

Father: That's a good boy.

Boy: A poor old woman who sells ice cream cones.

"A woman's work is never done," she said, as dinner came on the table an hour late.

"So I observe," he answered, gloomily, as he pushed away the potatoes.

"What makes Peck look so worried?"

"He's been contesting his wife's will."

"I didn't know his wife was dead."

"That's just it—she isn't."

The jazzy flapper came across her somewhat tamer friend made up to beat gehenna.

"What's the idea of all the paint and powder, dearie?" she asked.

"Snf! Snf!" sobbed the other. "Archie told me he never wanted to see my face again."

"Did young Richleigh go through that fortune his father left him?"

"No, he went through a windshield a week after his father died."

"What kind of a fellow is he, anyway?"

"Well, he is the kind who won't set his shoes under his berth when he is sleeping on a Pullman."

"Because he is afraid somebody will steal them?"

"No, because he is afraid he will have to pay the porter for shining them."

A young wife went into a grocer's shop and said: "I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer, "there are 10 of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well if they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them," said the customer.

"The traffic officer says you were going 40 miles an hour," the judge told the fair prisoner.

"Yes, sir," she admitted, "but, you see, I was to meet my husband in five minutes, and I didn't want to keep him waiting."

And the judge, being a married man, discharged her.

"Pa," said Clarence, "what do they mean by the quick and the dead?"

"The quick, my son, are those who are able to dodge motor cars; the dead are those who are not quick."

There was an old woman of Thrace, Whose nose spread all over her face. She had very few kisses:

The reason for this is
There wasn't a suitable place.

Redemptorist Scholarships

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